



A NEW SONG CALL'D THE RAKE OF RATHKEAL

I am a young fellow that's eary and bold
In Castletown Connors I'm very well known
In Newcastlewest I spent many a note
With Kitty and Judy and Mary
My father rebuked me for being such a rake
And spending my time in such frolicksome ways
But I near could forget the good name of Jane
And she lives quite convenient to Tarbert
My parents had rear'd to shake and to mow
To plow and to harrow to reap and to sow
But my heart being to airy to droop it so low
I set out on a high speculation
On paper & parchment they taught me to write
In euclid and gram-r they opened my eyes
And in multiplication in truth I was bright
And I'd settle accounts without falter
If I'd chance for to go to the town of Rathkeal
The girls all round me do flock on the square
Some gives me a bottle and others sweet cakes
To treat me unknown to their parents
There is one from Askeaton & one from the Pike
Another from Arda my heart has beguiled
The being from the mountains her stockings is white
And I'd like to be squeezing her garters
To quarrel for riches I near was inclin'd
For the greatest of misers must leave them behind
I'd purchase a cow that will never run dry
And I'll milk her by twisting her horn
John Doamor of Bromel has plenty of gold
And debentures of treasure is twenty times more
They are laid on their back amongst nettles & stones
Go the breach of their back of a farm
This cow can be milk'd without clover or grass
For she is pamper'd with corn good barley & hops
She's warm & stout & she's free in her paps
And she'll milk without spansel or haulter
The man that will drink it will cock his can been
And if any one cough there will be wigs on the green
And the feeble old hag will get supple & free
When she'll tipple her fluid in the morning
If I chance for to go to the market of Croom
With a cock in my hat & my pipe in full tone
I am welcome at wonce & brought up in a room
Where bacus was sporting with Venus
There's Peggy & Jane from the town of Brane
And B dy from Bruff & we all on a spree
Such coming of locks as there was about me
And they all wearing caps without borders
Some say I am foolish & more say I'm wise
But being fond of the women I think it no crime
And the son of a King he had ten hundred wives
And his wisdom was highly record
I'll till a good garden and live at my ease
And each women and child can partake of the same
If there's war in the cabin themselves they may blame
And their temples wearing long horus
And now for the future I mean to be wise
And I'll send for the women that acted so kind
And I'll marry them all on to morrow by & by
If the Clergy agree to the bargain
And when I'm on my back & my soul is at peace
These women & I croud for to cry at my wake
And their sons & their daughters will offer their prayer
To the Lord for the soul of their father